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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1877.

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REMINISCENCES OF THE LEEDS FESTIVAL.

No. 2.

(From the "Leeds Mercury.")

The utility of musical festivals had a splendid demonstration yesterday morning. We are sometimes told that their *raison d'être* no longer exists—that facility of communication between the provinces and the metropolis has made them unnecessary. The best reply to such an argument is found in the list of works which musical festivals have directly called into being. What a magnificent list it is!—and who, after yesterday's experience, shall say that the latest addition to it is not worthy of association with anything that goes before? Even were the Leeds Festivals to end—*adieu* *omen*—with the present celebration, they would not have had their little day in vain. To them the musical world owes *Joseph*, and thus may our town, as far as concerns the most prominent and learned of living English composers, set itself on a level with the Bristol of *St John the Baptist*, and the Birmingham of *The Resurrection*.

If any one felt anxious about the success of *Joseph*, it was not without some show of reason. The greatest musician may attempt too much, and it cannot be denied that, since the success of his first oratorio, four years ago, Dr Macfarren has attempted a good deal. He has produced *The Resurrection*—in itself a work of years for an ordinary man; he has completed also a cantata to be brought out at Glasgow in November next; and he has finished—how we all now know—a third oratorio of the largest dimensions and importance. One may well ask "Who is sufficient for these things?"—and anticipate the result of such efforts with considerable misgiving. But, as will presently be seen, Dr Macfarren knows how to justify the confidence of those to whom misgiving about his powers is a stranger. *Joseph*, yesterday morning, was acclaimed with enthusiasm, and the most critical among those who heard it, while not shutting their eyes to the imperfections hardly separable from human effort, admitted that English music had been enriched by a noble work, and the action of the Committee in applying to Dr Macfarren justified by a splendid return. It is somewhat remarkable that the story of *Joseph* has so little engaged the attention of oratorio makers. Handel, as readers of his biography know—and no others—occupied himself with the theme, as did the French master, Méhul, with a result more abiding than that which attended the effort of the Saxon giant, since fragments of Méhul's *Joseph* still live, while of Handel's not a note appears to survive. But because the subject has been so neglected in the past, there is all the greater reason why the composers of the present should turn to it. And this they seem to be doing with remarkable unanimity. Sir Michael Costa is understood to be engaged upon a *Joseph* for the Birmingham Festival of 1879, and we believe it is a fact that Sir Julius Benedict turned his attention to the same theme till he discovered that his brother musicians were ahead of him in the race. There is room for two of the sort, especially as Sir Michael Costa's music is not likely to resemble in any degree that of Professor Macfarren; and besides, it will be a matter of interest to note how two clever men treat a subject which they look at from opposite points of view, and with very different predilections.

It can hardly be needful to say that Dr Macfarren's librettist is the organist of York Minster. Dr Monk has fairly earned a right to be the literary associate of the learned composer. It is true there are critics who contend that in *The Resurrection* Dr Monk led his co-worker by the wrong path, and landed him in what was, comparatively speaking, a failure. But however this may be—and it is a point we shall not discuss—the merit of his *St John the Baptist* book cannot be denied, any more than can the fact that, despite *The Resurrection*, it gave Dr Monk a claim upon the composer which Professor Macfarren was most unlikely to ignore. For the third time, therefore, the one doctor has gone to the other, and we have now to consider the result. The libretto of *Joseph* is in strict dramatic form, utterly devoid of narrative, and makes by no means extravagant use of reflective commentary. So far, good. *St John the Baptist* has shown clearly enough that Dr Macfarren's strength lies in dramatic situations. He has great power of characterisation; and a terseness, force, and directness of expression which mark out very clearly the course that a literary colleague should prepare for him. In arranging the book of *Joseph*, Dr Monk seems to have kept this in view, and the very fact was, in some sort, a guarantee against failure. Moreover, the librettist has constructed his drama well, avoiding superfluity of material on the one hand, while omitting nothing essential on the other. Its two parts, or acts, are rounded off with singular neatness, the first concerning itself with *Joseph's* drama, and the events preceding his being sold to the Ishmaelites; while the second deals with his interpretation of Pharaoh's vision,

his promotion to power, and the sequence of incidents that, beginning with the arrival of his brethren seeking food, ends with the immigration of Jacob and the entire Hebrew family. Mark the variety of all this, not only as regards incident, but character and feeling. Mark, too, the steady accumulative interest, the compactness of the plot, and the sound judgment which allows nothing to obstruct our view of the hero, or turn away our attention from his fortunes. It may, perhaps, be a disadvantage that in the entire *dramatis personæ* there is no woman; but this, if felt at all, only suggests itself to us after reflection, and is not obvious on the face of things. A more serious fault is the occasional irrelevancy of the reflective texts, some of which Dr Monk has, to use a common expression, dragged in by the ears—some of which, moreover, are not the best adapted to inspire a composer with musical ideas. Wagner is quite right when he contends that "words for music" should "yearn" for musical expression—should demand it, so to speak, and lay the composer under an obligation to supply their need. But some of Dr Monk's texts cry out for music very little more than do the entries in his private diary. Here is one, for example: "Forgive if ye have ought against any, that your Father also, which is in heaven, may forgive you your trespasses. But if ye do not forgive, neither will your Father which is in heaven forgive your trespasses"—a very excellent admonition and weighty statement, but not one that asks to be sung. The whole matter, however, of these reflective passages in oratorio deserves and calls for discussion, since not even the well-ascertained functions of the "Greek chorus," and their perfect exemplification in *Elijah*, appear to have much influence upon librettists. But it is time to turn to Dr Macfarren's music.

The overture, like that to *St John the Baptist*, is of large dimensions, and in strict classical form. It is full of charm and power moreover, though, perhaps scarcely equal in that respect to its distinguished predecessor. As for its interest we can only measure that quality justly after observing the extent to which the composer again avails himself of themes having a representative character.

The first subject of the overture stands for the love of Jacob for *Joseph*; its second may be termed the "Canaan motive," and there are episodes afterwards identified with the conspiracy of the brethren and other incidents in the drama. How much recognition of these facts increases the significance of the prelude need scarcely be pointed out. As for the ingenuity with which the composer subsequently employs his motives, it is not too much to say that Wagner himself would approve it. They are continually appearing, but never without a meaning obvious to the dullest perception. Passing from the opening chorus, a melodious ascription of praise charmingly accompanied by the orchestra, to Jacob's air, "I dwell in the land," and from it, without comment, to the duet wherein Jacob and *Joseph* interchange assurances of affection, we come next to the first of a series of "dialogues," or more properly, dramatic scenes, which form a very distinguishing feature of the work. Dr Macfarren has here chosen to do without recitative, strictly so called, giving us in its place elaborate set pieces, to the construction of which solo, chorus, and orchestra freely contribute. The plan involves a heavy tax upon the composer's resources, and it is beyond dispute that no other device could have invested the oratorio with an equal measure of dramatic force and consequent interest. In this first of the "dialogues" are more than one happy touch. *Joseph*, for example, relates his dreams to the accompaniment of a harp, henceforth destined to attend upon all the visions in the work; while the interjected sentences of Jacob and his elder sons are full of vigour and appropriate meaning. By the way, the passage to the words "We hate him!" is an obvious reflection of "Stone him to death," in *St Paul*, but the oratorio as a whole is singularly free from such reminiscences. The chorus "Honour thy father" need not detain us longer than is required to observe the masterly ease in which its fugue is worked out, and from it we go to the song, "Love is strong as death"—one of the most beautiful and thoughtful numbers in the work. There are passages in it of extreme gracefulness, while all are marked by the repose and dignity required by the text. The conspiracy scene follows, and in an energetic concerted piece the envious brothers resolve to kill *Joseph*. But Reuben interposes in an air (tenor), "Let us not kill him," which, musically speaking, is a worthy companion to the one we have just commented upon, though, perhaps, the appropriateness of its music to words uttered in the midst of an exciting situation, and at a critical moment, may be open to question. The dialogue is now resumed with added terseness and force, an excellent contrast being secured between the pleading utterances of *Joseph* and the fierce invectives of his brethren. Finally, the victim is cast into the pit, and Reuben, with a cynicism for which we should like to know Dr Monk's authority, invites the others to sit down and be merry, because "there is one event unto all," and when it happens signifies little.

The music to this episode is extremely pretty, but, coming when and where it does, jars a little on the nerves. A reposeful contralto air, "Who ever perished being innocent?" has the distinguishing merit of not imitating "O rest in the Lord," and serves for an effective contrast to the music with which the Ishmaelites appear on the scene. The children of the desert come with the conventional jangle and clatter of their minstrelsy, and tell us in ingeniously barbaric strains who they are, where they are going, and why they go. This exciting episode is followed by another dialogue, full of suggestive music, at the close of which, Joseph having been delivered over, the noise of the caravan gradually dies away. But we do not get out of hearing of the captive, who, in an air, "If I forget thee," dwells lovingly upon thoughts of his native land, expressing his emotions by the help of music instinct with real feeling. Then comes a duet, with chorus of female voices, "Commit thy way unto the Lord," over which we pass, and go to the resumed conspiracy; following the brethren as they return home and show the blood-stained coat to their father. Jacob's air, "I will rend my clothes," is one marked by genuine pathos, to which, after Dr Macfarren's manner, the orchestra contributes as much or more than the voice. The end of the first part has now been reached, and is signalled by a chorus—"A voice was heard in Ramah," closing with a strain of hope significant of what is to follow.

The second part opens at the Court of Pharaoh, whose people sound the praises of their monarch with true Eastern hyperbole, but not at great length. The King then tells his dream, to a harp accompaniment, and the magicians answer an unreasonable demand for its interpretation in a series of short two-part choruses, taking the form of a canon on the major second. All this dialogue is graphic, admirably worked out, and very interesting. Here a reflective soprano air, "Hath not God made foolish," &c., intervenes, and we turn to Joseph's interpretation of Pharaoh's dream, and rejoice in his sudden elevation. Dr Macfarren makes all this very agreeable and interesting to us. We may not approve everything he does, but he commands our sympathy nevertheless, and there is no consciousness on our part of desiring to quit his company. A grand chorus follows—the grandest in the work—descriptive of the honours and homage paid to the new favourite. Here the composer rises to a great height indeed. He grasps all the resources of his art, and uses them as though, so to speak, he had a hundred hands. The musician who can write such a chorus is a master before whom men may cry, as they did before Joseph, "Bow the knee." Passing hurriedly on, we come to, first, a duet for soprano and contralto, "The Lord sendeth the springs," and next to a chorus, "If I enter into the city," descriptive respectively of the years of plenty and the years of famine. The latter is enormously difficult—we cannot but think unnecessarily so; though its effect may not be questioned. Another dialogue now shows us Joseph's brethren in presence of the Egyptian ruler, and we watch the progress of that remarkable interview with unflinching interest, and with admiration for Dr Macfarren's "staying" power. Its end is followed by a short but striking contralto song, "When your sins are brought forth," after which we may hear the brethren entreat Jacob to comply with Joseph's demand for the presence of Benjamin. The music to this dialogue strikes us as less effective than the rest, but amend is made in the succeeding fugal chorus, "O Lord, have mercy upon us," throughout which the composer revels in a display of the strength of his profound learning confers. Now comes an elaborate soprano scene, the lofty theme of which is a parallel between Joseph and the Saviour of man. We might dwell long upon this number, but, with a word for the masterfulness of not a few among its passages, must pass on to the resumed dialogue and the revelation of Joseph to his brethren. This crisis of the drama is well and firmly treated by Dr Macfarren, who is equal to its demands, and successfully avoids any suspicion of anti-climax. Especially may we commend the air, "My spirit is sore moved," in which the hero gives vent to his emotions. A very beautiful sextet, "Forgive, if ye have ought," occurs here, and tranquillises the mind previous to the scene where the long-parted father and son meet to be no more divided. After this comes the final chorus, "O give thanks to the Lord," respecting which it may emphatically be said—"Finis coronat opus." And now, what is the sum of the whole matter? Simply that we have witnessed the birth of an oratorio which is "a thing of beauty," and which, we hope and believe, will, as a thing of beauty, illustrate Keats's familiar saying.

M. GOUNOD has nearly completed a new comic opera, founded on a subject taken from the story of Abeilard and Héloïse, and entitled *Maitre Pierre*. The libretto is by MM. Poirson and Gallet, who wrote the libretto of *Cinq-Mars*.

"OH NANNY!"

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Accuracy in quotation is indispensable. Permit me, therefore, to correct a slip of the pen in my letter of last week. In the fourth line of the second stanza, for "To shrink," read "Nor shrink."

G. A. C.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR SIR,—I was considerably interested by reading in your number of Saturday, October 13, two letters on the subject of the once popular song, "O Nanny, wilt thou gang with me?" The one letter bears the name of the well-known musical antiquary, Wm. Chappell; the other is signed with the initials of one of our most accurate and painstaking musico-literary amateurs. Indeed, I may say that I have never found "G. A. C." tripping. But neither of your clever correspondents has thought fit to allude to the author of the lines. Let it not be forgotten that this was Percy, Bishop of the Irish See of Dromore, collector and editor of the famous *Reliques of English Poetry*. The beautiful lines, set to music by Tom Carter, were, I believe, addressed by the good Bishop to his own wife. Carter's claim to the authorship of the music was at one time disputed by J. Baidon, now only known by a little three-voice glee, "Adieu to the village delights." It simply remains for me to add to your correspondents' notes about the existing published forms of "O Nanny" my own experiences. For a long time I possessed an engraved copy of Carter's song, with the imprimatur of "Rhames, Essex Street, Dublin;" the engraving was rude, the paper greenish and discoloured. This old copy, however, bore no allusion to Baidon's claim, but was called "A Song by T. Carter." I presented it to an Irish gentleman, a pious judge, who perished in the railway accident at Abergele in 1868. I have not met with a copy of Carter's song since. A short notice of Carter's peculiarities will be found in O'Keefe's *Recollections*.

R. P. STEWART.

P.S.—There is an amusing similarity (not only in the key, E flat, but in the entire first phrase) between Carter's song and No. 2 of Mendelssohn's "Christmas Present."

University of Dublin, October 14, 1877.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR SIR,—Permit me to express my thanks to Mr. William Chappell and "G. A. C." for their courteous and interesting replies to my letter of 6th inst. How far Mr Chappell is right, however, in blaming M. Fétis for originating the incorrect date of Carter's birth is another matter. Fétis would probably give it on the authority of some English writer, as he generally did, whether rightly or wrongly; and anyone who compares his notices of English musicians with that furnished by the *English Biographical Dictionary*, dated 1827, will find abundant confirmation of that assertion. All the notices of Carter I have hitherto seen concurred in saying he was born in 1768, and died 1804. "G. A. C." gives a most interesting account of him, furnished by Sir R. P. Stewart—a gentleman to whom musicians owe a debt of gratitude, whether we speak of his ability as a composer, his industry and research into the doubtful or disputed questions of past history, or his energy and public-spirited advocacy of the great claims of his countrymen upon us—in which he seems to have proved that Carter was born about 1735, &c. In that case, the story of Joseph Vernon singing the song in 1773 is quite likely to have been true. Still, however, it seems to me there is a mystery to be cleared up, if possible, as it is strange that two accounts differing so very widely should have got into circulation about the same man. Let us contrast them:—

Thomas Carter, born 1768, died 1804.

Thomas Carter, born about 1735, alive in 1809!

May there not have been two Thomas Carters, father and son? If we assume the composer of "Oh, Nanny" to have been born in 1735, and to have married, his son (Thomas?) might have been born in 1768; the father being then thirty-three. Again, it is quite possible that either father or son might die in 1804, as stated, while the other might be alive in 1809. Unless we adopt some idea like this, it is incomprehensible how such discrepancies can have arisen. I may remind "G. A. C." (who seems, like myself, to have consulted the obituary columns of the *Gentleman's Magazine* of an interesting feature, which has now for some years been discontinued), that the death of one Thomas Carter is given in the year 1800; the month I forget. Several persons have supposed this Thomas Carter to refer to the composer in question.

D. BAPTIE.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

The concerts to which the Crystal Palace is indebted for the artistic repute unanimously conferred by public opinion are resumed, and two have already been held. From early October, in one year, to early May, the year after, these well-ruled entertainments make Sydenham, in a musical sense, notorious, drawing from London and its vicinities a large number of amateurs and connoisseurs to whom orchestral performances of the highest class are invariably attractive. Such performances are furnished week after week under the superintendence of a conductor who, in his way, has few rivals. Mr August Manns, from the beginning, accepted the task imposed upon him with full understanding as to its responsibilities. For a long period of years the sterling excellence of his concerts has been maintained, their fame advancing in proportion. A mere retrospect of what has been achieved under his guidance, with the zealous co-operation of Mr George Grove, who, under the signature "G.," prepares the majority of those historical and critical annotations which help to please while imparting instruction, would suffice to establish the fact, if proof were wanting, that the Crystal Palace Concerts have done no little on behalf of that gradual development of a taste for genuine art which is a sign of the times. Such a retrospect would occupy more space than can well be afforded; nor, indeed, is it requisite; a brief acknowledgment, however, of what Mr Manns, by force of genuine talent, coupled with untiring industry, has been able to accomplish will hardly be looked upon as superfluous. That the public are sensible of his merits is shown in the cordial greeting awarded to him whenever, after a six months' interval, he once more takes his accustomed place on the orchestral platform.

The programme of the first concert of the 22nd series contained German, French, Polish, and English music—German, as always, preponderating. The selection, both varied and interesting, comprised, among other things, the overture to *Oberon* and Beethoven's First Symphony (C), played as we are used to hear them played at the Crystal Palace. Despite their high merit it would probably be to the advantage of both if they were allowed to repose for a somewhat lengthened period; their re-advent would then be all the more welcome. The overture to *Le Premier Jour de Bonheur*, Auber's last opera but one, being a novelty here, was, if only on that account, acceptable. It seems difficult to believe that anything so fresh, spirited, and vigorously sustained could have come from the pen of an octogenarian. Another novelty was the music composed by Mr Arthur Sullivan for *Henry VIII.* Mr Sullivan, as amateurs are aware, had already written incidental music for *The Tempest* and the *Merchant of Venice*, the first of which at once made his name familiar. Neither of its companions is so carefully wrought out as *The Tempest*, though each possesses indisputable merit. In their instance, however, the musician had exclusively to deal with what was selected to fit special performances at the Manchester Theatre; whereas in *The Tempest*, composed while a "Mendelssohn scholar" at the Leipzig Conservatory, he was at liberty to consult his own judgment and give the reins to his individual fancy. There are excellent things, nevertheless, in *Henry VIII.*; and while two or three scenes strongly suggestive of musical treatment are omitted, what has been done is extremely well done. Avoiding details, we may point to an air, with chorus, "Youth will needs have dalliance," the quaint words of which are traditionally assigned to Henry Tudor himself. In this, with its tuneful burden and characteristically limited orchestral accompaniment, the true spirit of old English melody is reflected. The solo voice part was delivered by Mr George Fox (of our Royal Academy) with so much force and good taste as to win an "encore," of which no one was likely to complain. There are other noticeable things in *Henry VIII.*, including an exquisitely graceful dance; but, as it stands, the whole is rather suited to the stage than to the concert-room. Mr Sullivan should do with this and the other Shaksperian play what he did with the *Tempest*—complete it, as Mendelssohn completed a *Midsummer Night's Dream*. That he is quite equal to the task the *Tempest* is enough to show. The other instrumental piece at the first concert was Sir Julius Benedict's admirable pianoforte concerto in E flat, begun many years ago, and finished more recently for Mad. Arabella Goddard, who has played it several times before, at the Philharmonic Concerts (Hanover Square Rooms), the Birmingham Festival, &c., but never more perfectly or with more unanimous recognition than on the present occasion. Schumann's "Gipsy Life," with its striking reminiscences of the "Hunting Chorus" in *Der Freischütz*, afforded the Crystal Palace choir a favourable opportunity of showing what progress they were making; and songs by Wagner (*Flying Dutchman*), Chopin, and Kirchner were contributed by the clever and intelligent Mdme Sophie Löwe. At the concert on Saturday the symphony was Haydn's in B flat, one of the finest among the

"Twelve Grand," composed during 1791 and two following years, for Salomon's concerts at the Hanover Square Rooms, when Haydn occupied the place originally destined for Mozart, who had died in the first-named year. The overtures were Cherubini's *Anacreon* (his most brilliant, but far from the greatest of his operatic preludes) and Mendelssohn's bright and poetical *Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage*, each as familiar to amateurs as the symphony, and each as effectively given under the direction of Mr Manns. An event of importance at this concert was the appearance of Herr Max Bruch, who set to music Geibel's *Lorelei*, which Mendelssohn had accepted but left unfinished, and whose concerto in G minor has been more than once made known to us through the playing of Herr Joachim, Herr Ludwig Straus, &c. Herr Bruch has composed other successful works, not hitherto produced in this country, but of which we shall doubtless hear sooner or later. The two pieces comprised in the programme of Saturday were the concerto just named, and the *Vorspiel* (a short prelude) to *Lorelei*. Mr Manns resigning the *bâton* to his compatriot, Herr Bruch conducted his own music, and was greeted with such cordiality as rarely fails to welcome the appearance of foreign artists of distinction. The prelude to *Lorelei* was executed with studied attention by the members of the orchestra, and loudly applauded. Judging by a single hearing, it must be credited for the most part as a very effective and ingenious piece of orchestral writing; but it is difficult immediately to perceive the "highly romantic texture" upon which Mr Manns, in his brief analysis, lays stress, even while listening "with an unprejudiced ear to new music," which the excellent conductor hints (and we agree with him) is essential under such circumstances. About the violin concerto little need be added to what has previously been written. It is a *concert-stick* at the best, the opening number having neither the form nor the dimensions of a "first movement," properly so called. The *adagio*, into which it leads directly, is built upon two melodious themes, well associated and ingeniously developed. The *finale*, however, in G major, which at periods conjures up faint reminiscences of that to Beethoven's fourth pianoforte concerto (in G), is in all respects the most ably planned and logically conducted movement—spirited from beginning to end, with themes happily contrasted, orchestration highly coloured, expressive as well as brilliant passages for the principal instrument, &c. The entire movement, indeed, if not strikingly original, is throughout effective. Herr Bruch, who directed the performance himself, was lucky in such an exponent as Señor Sarasate, a Spanish virtuoso, who, but little known in England, has nevertheless of recent years been winning golden opinions on the Continent, and not infrequently through the medium of this same concerto. As a boy he was pronounced a phenomenon; and another Joachim was predicted. That Señor Sarasate is an artist of exceptional ability cannot be put in question. His mechanism is distinguished for unflinching certainty; his tone, if not quite equal throughout the register of the instrument, is pure, telling, mellow—not unfrequently broad, and even rich. His execution of rapid passages—marked, from time to time, by excess of the rapidity actually demanded—is nearly always equally balanced; though now and then the tone, which should be just as equally balanced, becomes, for the reason named, in a certain measure deteriorated. Señor Sarasate's most nearly irreproachable performance, in our opinion, was the concerto. With this, after stating that the *adagio* was too uniformly "expressive," affording slight evidence here and there of a "tremolo," as much regrettable on the violin as in the human voice, no fault could possibly be found. It was a truly admirable display. That the audience accepted it as such was manifest. Both Herr Bruch, the composer, and Señor Sarasate, his interpreter, were called forward and applauded with enthusiasm. Señor Sarasate's solo was to have been a fantasia, by himself, on Spanish melodies, which—the composer's nationality borne in mind—would have been interesting to everyone; but at the last moment three pieces from a *suite* with orchestral accompaniments, by Herr Raff, were substituted. The first of these was an *allegro* "prestissimo," according to the player's reading of it, the last a *moto continuo*, still more "prestissimo," if such were possible—after the manner of but inferior in matter to the famous *moto continuo* of Paganini. The middle movement is a dance air with variations. In the two quick movements the rapidity of the Spanish violinist's execution had ample opportunity for display, and he availed himself of the chance with unrestrained impetuosity. A fresh proof of what can be accomplished by music written with no other purpose than to show off the dexterous manipulation of a virtuoso was thus afforded; and nothing more than this can be detected in the *suite* of Herr Joachim Raff, whose quickly improvised works might already fill a library. The performer, nevertheless, was honoured by another and well-merited demonstration of

applause, on returning to the platform, at the vehemently expressed desire of the audience. The singers were Mdme Nouver, and Mr Barton McGuckin (a young tenor sensibly rising in public esteem)—the former giving "With verdure clad" and Cherubini's "Ave Maria" (clarinet accompaniment by Mr Clinton); the latter selecting "Love in her eyes" (*Acis and Galatea*), with songs by Schumann and Mendelssohn, accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr H. Gadsby. Each was warmly applauded.

At the next concert we are promised an unknown symphony in B flat, by Schubert; Sterndale Bennett's overture to *Parisina*; *La Jeunesse d'Hercule*, a new orchestral piece by M. Saint-Saëns, and Mendelssohn's violin concerto, played by Señor Sarasate.

MUSICAL QUACKS.

(From the "Tatler.")

Is most occupations of life some standard and recognized guarantee of capacity is necessary. A physician has to give proof of proficiency, and to be duly registered before he is allowed to practise. A solicitor must gain certain ordeals before he can reap his harvest of six-and-eightpences. But the so-called teachers of singing are under no such obligation. Literally any one who chooses, be he never so ignorant, is at perfect liberty to appoint himself instructor in the art of song, and to trade with the most delicious impunity upon public good faith and gullibility. How on earth is any respectable British matron, in no way associated with music or musicians, to tell whether Signor Tizio, *maestro di canto*, is really a fit and proper person to be entrusted with an important and expensive branch of her daughter's education? How is she possibly to decide whether he is any better or any worse than Signor Caio, or Mr. Blank, who has not yet clapped on a fine-sounding *ini* or *oni* to his patronymic? It is a pure matter of speculation for her, a pure risk, an utter lottery. Reputation is by no means a safe criterion; the most shameless musical impostors, by means of a good appearance and consummate impudence, have managed, and do manage, to work up a fictitious fame, most dangerously dazzling, most perilously alluring to the unwary. How, then, shall any one be warned off in time from the pitfall, when there is absolutely no guarantee of even rudimentary knowledge, much less of proficiency?

The matter is of far more serious import than may appear at the first blush. It is not merely a question of a temporary wrong inflicted by an unscrupulous swindler upon an unfortunate dupe; it assumes a graver aspect when, by the assumption of non-existent knowledge, irreparable injury is caused to good natural material. The human voice is a most delicate and finely-constructed organ; it ought not to be left to the mercy of quacks and charlatans, to be twisted, tortured, and eventually ruined for ever. The position of a singing-master is peculiarly tempting as a harbour of refuge for the destitute and unfortunate in general. As matters are now, nothing more is required than a bare personal assertion of knowledge; no further proof is demanded, none is offered. Unsuccessful pianists, disappointed fiddlers, misunderstood composers, and a crowd of others, men and women, all equally ignorant of the vocal art, fasten like leeches upon a *métier* that shall yield them that measure of pecuniary reward denied to incompetence elsewhere. The danger of meeting with them does not, of course, lie so much in the direction of public academies or the larger and more important schools. Teachers of tried worth and experience are, as a rule, picked out, though even there it is by no means a rare occurrence for those whose business it is, to choose badly or by rule of favour. The peril lies among those who spring up from nobody knows where, whose antecedents are as Eleusinian mysteries, who simply call themselves singing-masters, without anybody to question their right, and, by cool persistency and vulgar assurance, trade upon the credulity of their neighbours.

Another coil, even in the case where the teacher is competent to instruct, is the raging internecine war of systems. Every man has his own particular theory; every man declares his own particular theory to be the best. Suppose, for example, a young lady runs the gauntlet—as, indeed, many do—of some five or six teachers. What does she find? Five or six separate systems, all widely opposed to each other and chaotically perplexing. By the time she has come out of the contest, she probably learns that she has learned nothing, and that her voice is hopelessly impaired, if not ruined. One universally accepted system is the only condition under which a sound school of singing can possibly flourish. It is nonsense to argue that vocal art cannot be reduced to definite rules. Each of the numberless methods extant has the most definitely prescribed regulations possible, and surely one may be at last discovered which will prove at least to be the best of them. Malibran, Grisi, Rubini, Tietjens, and a host of singers of the past, must have been properly

taught, and if the right system is in temporary abeyance it must be called to life again.

As for the crying shame of crass ignorance being permitted to exercise important functions with impunity, the remedy is simple, yet efficient—test by examination, or obligation in some way to give complete proof of having received the proper training requisite for the post of teacher. Such a wholesome check might not be productive of any immediate high art results; but, at all events, it would protect the public, and put a full stop to the rule of incompetency and egregious vanity over the atrocious style of singing now universal in drawing-rooms. It would save throats and lungs from misuse, and even from disease and destruction.

There are many institutions in Europe whose diploma of proficiency would be sufficient evidence that the bearer has learned well, and therefore has some claim to be able to teach well. Indeed, any sort of evidence would be worth something, because the self-styled "professor" is mostly distinguished by being able to produce none at all. It is as easy for anybody to learn which schools of singing are of the best repute as to find out the respective characters of public schools and colleges. People must be expected to take a little trouble in matters that interest them. The object of reform is simply to exclude from any chance of employment the quacks and charlatans of the profession. And in time the whole body of skilled teachers would be certain to result in the establishment of a good school wherein, by the process of natural selection, the fittest system would survive. At present, the few good teachers whom we possess mostly waste themselves in unteaching the lessons of charlatans, and in trying to make the best of ruined voices that come to them for desperate remedies.

[The greatest number of quacks here are German, Italian, French, Spanish, Low Dutch, Russian, Chinese, Japanese, Kurdish, Bazouks, Shawm-players, and Canaries.—D. P.]

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The first fortnightly meeting of professors and students for the season took place on Saturday, October 13. We subjoin the programme:—

Two Studies, in C and F sharp, pianoforte (Köhler)—Miss Clara King, pupil of Mr Kemp; Song, "Dawn, gentle flower" (Sterndale Bennett)—Miss Bashford, pupil of Mr Benson—accompanist, Mr Luton; Serenade (Schubert)—Mr Thorpe, pupil of Mr F. R. Cox—accompanist, Mr Hooper; Sonata in E flat, Op. 29 or 31, No. 3, pianoforte (Beethoven)—Miss Dinah Shapley, pupil of Mr Benson; Song (MS.), "A Last Look" (Oliveria Prescott, student)—Miss Weyland, pupil of Professor Macfarren and Mr Goldberg—accompanist, Miss Prescott; clarinet *obbligato*, Miss Thomas; Aria, "Qui sdegno," *Il Flauto Magico* (Mozart)—Mr Frith, pupil of Mr Fiori—accompanist, Mr Jarrett; Fugue in B flat, Op. 60, No. 6, on the name Bach, organ (Schumann)—Mr Charlton T. Speer, pupil of Dr Steggall; Quartet (MS.), "Sleep, beloved" (Emily M. Lawrence, student)—Misses Hardy, L. Evans, Henderson, and M. S. Jones, pupils of Professor Macfarren and Mr F. R. Cox—accompanist, Miss Lawrence; Prelude and Fugue in D, No. 5, pianoforte (Bach)—Miss R. Dunn, pupil of Mr W. H. Holmes; Air, "In the battle," *Deborah* (Handel)—Miss Lena Law, pupil of Mr Garcia—accompanist, Miss Amy Hare; Berceuse (Chopin), and Tarantella, No. 3 (Walter Macfarren), pianoforte—Miss Ada Hazard, pupil of Mr Walter Macfarren; Cavatina, "See you rose, so freshly blooming" (Donizetti)—Miss Eliza Thomas, pupil of Mr Gilardoni—accompanist, Miss Alice Heathcote; Barcarolle, pianoforte (Chopin)—Miss Lawrence, pupil of Sir Julius Benedict; Song, "To Chloe in sickness" (Sterndale Bennett)—Miss Jessie Percivall (second study), pupil of Mr Latter—accompanist, Mr Hooper; Toccata in C, pianoforte (Onslow)—Miss Bacon, pupil of Mr O'Leary.

SIR JULIUS BENEDICT'S CONCERTO IN E FLAT.

(From the "Graphic.")

The pianoforte concerto of Sir Julius Benedict, the opening movement of which was composed many years ago, the work being afterwards finished expressly for Mdme Arabella Goddard, was a marked success. The concerto itself, in which we find Weber's favourite pupil following in the footsteps of Mozart as regards form, rivalling Hummel in his *bravura*, Dussek in his *cantabile*, and, while glancing here and there at the famous author of the *Concertstück*, endowing the whole with strong individuality, is in its way a masterpiece. Mdme Goddard, who has introduced the concerto on several previous occasions, has never played it with more spirit, grace, and refinement.



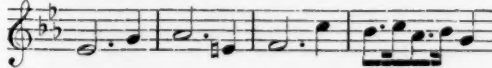
BENEDICT'S CONCERTO.

(From our Bayreuth Maniac.)

Hummel, Dussek (passages and cantabile), glimpses of Weber—Mozart in construction—whole instinct with and covered by the composer's individuality—*Fire as well as grace*—symmetrical construction—classical form—admirably written for the instrument!—A. G. first and only one to play it—Birmingham Festival—Phil. C. C. P. [twice]—Manchester, &c.—never played it better—never more cordially appreciated—in zenith of her * * * * *—Liszt should have heard it—which would then have been the man who made of art a milk-cow?—he who sets out furiously, thus, as it were whip in hand—



—or he who gently creeps in as below:—



Be chesm!

Bayreuth—opposite the Stage-Playhouse.—Oct 10.

ROSE HERSEE AT MANCHESTER.

Since our last notice of the performances of this company, two operas have been given—Benedict's *Brides of Venice* on Thursday, and Mozart's *Figaro* last night. The first is almost unknown here, and though it had its day of popularity when Bunn reigned at Drury Lane, it is now rarely heard. The plot is romantic, and the music attractive. For a first performance, it was very well given on Thursday by Mme Cave-Ashton, Miss St John, Messrs Parkinson, James, Temple, and others. Mozart's *Figaro* attracted a large audience, and no opera during the week has been so creditably performed. Mme Rose Hersee's charming singing of the music of the Countess is well known here, and though the other artists appeared in the opera for the first time, they were evidently familiar with the music. Mme Cave-Ashton, as Susannah, sang and acted better than on any previous occasion; and Miss St John delighted the audience in Cherubino's two airs. We have seen less competent Figaros than Mr Temple; and Mr James, as the Count, showed decided merit. The Rose Hersee company assuredly deserves encouragement. Such effective performances of opera have never been given in Manchester at such reasonable prices; and though a change every night makes great demands on all concerned, the policy at any rate indicates a desire to gratify all tastes, and we hope the enterprise will meet with the success it deserves. To-night Balfe's *Bohemian Girl* will be given.—*Manchester Examiner*, Sept. 29.

THE LAST NIGHTS OF THE KENNEDYS.

There is an old adage that a Scotchman is never so much at home except when he is abroad, and, paradoxical though this may at first sight appear, there is nevertheless some foundation for the assertion. Of course the extent of a Scotchman's nomadism, owing to the recent failure to discover the North Pole, has not yet been accurately ascertained, but a look into the Great St James's Hall, during the Kennedy Family's stay in London, clearly demonstrated to our mind that there is a large and thriving colony of Scots, who have a "local habitation" and a home in and about town, and who can thoroughly appreciate the auld Scots sangs and Scottish legendary lore when sung and narrated by their country's best exponents. For four weeks the Kennedys have, with unflinching assiduity and zeal, kept alive the interest in their "Twa Hours at Hame," and their efforts, we are glad to say, have been crowned with success. That an entertainment, partaking so much of Scottish ingredients, should have attracted large and admiring audiences for fifteen nights incontestably vindicates the genuineness of the bill of fare and the ability of the artists. They now leave town to fulfil other engagements in the provinces, and it is with mingled feelings that we take leave of them: we express a hope, however, that their next undertaking may prove as successful as the one they have so commendably completed here. We have already particularised this specialty, so that recapitulation is unnecessary. We will, however, take a brief retrospect. Amid the vast variety of subjects calculated to "cheat a tedious hour" and afford pleasure and instruction, there is none perhaps more pleasant than the contemplation of the characteristics of those who contribute to our gratification. Mr Kennedy is the *facile princeps* of Scottish entertainers. He has, so to speak, personally explored the charnel-houses of the Scottish Muses, culled largely therefrom, and into what appeared dry bones he has infused a new being and a new vitality; so that many of the quaint and humorous gems of Scottish song have been rescued, vocally at least, from oblivion. This, perhaps, is one of the secrets of Mr Kennedy's success both at home and abroad. Add to this a voice of exceptional register which enables him to cope successfully with the extensive gamut of Scottish minstrelsy—be it the grave or the gay, the pathetic or the humorous—and his faithful embodiments of the ludicrous side of human frailty are alone sufficient to hand his name down to posterity.

One of the most prominent features of this visit was Mr Kennedy's grand rendering, for the first time in London, of "Jeanie Morrison." Although the lovely words were written by Motherwell over fifty years ago, they seem to have been waiting for a fitting melody. In introducing the song Mr Kennedy predicted that the composer of the music would be better known hereafter than now. It is certain that the singer was in love with his theme, and the fitly wedded words and music were sung with such exquisite expression as to become an absolutely fresh creation. A spontaneous outburst of long-sustained applause followed the first performance, and on being repeated on Tuesday night a rapturous encore followed, to which Mr Kennedy at once responded.

That the mantle of the father has descended upon his children, who are yet in the springtime of life, and capable of much development, there can be no doubt. As soloists and glee-singers they have individually and collectively left a favourable impression. Miss Helen Kennedy will be remembered notably for her mellifluous singing of such songs as "Auld Robin Gray," "Will ye no come back again," and "The lang awa' ship"; Miss Marjory will be kindly thought of for her quaint, impassioned, and intelligent cantation of "Ca the yowes," "The Rowan Tree," and "The Four Maries"; David's animated and spirited songs, "The Cameron Men," "Draw the sword, Scotland," "The Standard on the braes o' Mar," and "The Clansmen's Song" will recall pleasant memories; we will think of Robert's "Scottish Emigrant's Farewell" and "O Nannie, wilt thou gang wi' me"; and James's flexible voice and resonant notes will be recollected in "Gae fetch to me a pint o' wine," "When wild war's deadly blast," and "Dark Lochnagar." The words and music of the latter are so felicitously blended together that this new composition is destined to attain co-equal favour with the household treasures of Scottish song.

Fortified by the success of the twelve nights originally advertised, Mr Kennedy prolonged his stay for three nights longer. On Monday there was "Anither Nicht wi' Burns"; on Tuesday "A Nicht wi' the Jacobites"; and on Wednesday Mr Kennedy bade adieu to his friends and patrons.

GRATZ.—Herr Ignaz Brüll's *Goldenes Kreuz* has been successfully brought out at the Landestheater.

THE LONDON & PROVINCIAL
Music Trade Review:
 PIANOFORTE & MUSICAL INSTRUMENT MAKERS' JOURNAL
 AND
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The further contents of *The Music Trade Review* will embrace a résumé of all Musical Events of the Month, at home and abroad; Reviews and Notices, Original articles and other contributions upon practical subjects have been promised by J. F. BRIDGE, Mus. Doc., Oxon., Organist at Westminster Abbey; WILHELM GANZ, Director of the New Philharmonic Society; BRINLEY RICHARDS, Professor at the Royal Academy of Music; H. WEIST HILL, late Director of Music at the Alexandra Palace; THOMAS WINGHAM, Professor at the Royal Academy of Music; HENRY F. FROST, Organist at the Chapel Royal, Savoy; J. SIMPSON, Organist at the Town Hall, Birmingham; FREDERIC CLARK, of Gloucester; WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, N. YERT, "FLAMINGO," FREDERIC SCARBROOK, J. SHEDLOCK, T. PERCY M. BETTS, and many other eminent musicians and writers.

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The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1877.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PANNYPANYPFANY.—The assumption of intellectual superiority by painters over musicians is simply ludicrous. It would take seventeen Hooks to catch a Sullivan; half a dozen Millais' (even with Stentor Ruskin to back them) would not make a fifth part of a Sterndale Bennett; while Macfarren could swallow as many Leightons as a whale could swallow herrings.

MR MICHAEL WILLIAMS.—Many thanks. We have read the "*Recollections of Tietjens*" with the greatest pleasure, and only regret that, instead of going to Cornwall, they had not been published in Middlesex. The "*Opera*" all right. A proof of our correspondent's first article has been sent to his address.

POLKAW.—Received with thanks. The "*Scarecrow*" will appear in our New Year's double number. About the "*Novel*," we can say nothing without at least one chapter under eye. The "*Sonnet*" will be found in another page. *Bon jour*, "Polkaw!" "Be kind to your father" (says Mathews Nipperkin), "and lend him your coat."

SMUDGE, M.D.—Dr Smudge is hopelessly wrong; he might as well try to swim in a drop of stagnant water, because that drop of stagnant water is magnified, or weave for himself a girdle out of Cleopatra's Needle, because that needle was bayed. Nor did Arne compose the *Battle of Prague*; nor is there an ounce in all Bessarabia—although (according to Dr Quoits) there are otters and phenicopters in other parts. Dr Smudge would do well to tighten his braces, clean his history, and jump into his hammock. *Quid?*

A COMPURGATOR.—No. The opera, *Ma Tante Aurore*, is by Boieldieu. On every other point "A Compurgator" is wrong.

NOTES UPON NOTES.—Too late for this number, but will appear in our next. Welcomed with rapture. Utcheter for ever! Uttoxeter when intoxicated.

MR (very) CUNNINGHAM BOOSEY.—Let it be at the Fish and Volume. Captain Swordfish, Professor Bream, and Dr Cod will be of the party.

BIRTH.

On October 13th, at Boulogne-sur-mer, the wife of Mr HENRY M. MERRIDEW, of a daughter.

Noctuary and Diary.



At the Lark and Glimmer (Ollminster).

DR NIGHT.—Ghost prints extracts from *Noctuary*. Shall you read?
 DR DAY.—I can't read noctuaries under sun. Serpent prints extracts from *Diary*. Shall you read?
 DR NIGHT.—I can't read diaries under moon. Lend me a day-eye.
 DR DAY.—Willingly. Lend me a night-eye. Without tw'eyes Sun and Moon are dead-heads.
 DR NIGHT.—Exchange no robbery.

DR NIGHT plucks an eye from DR DAY, replacing it with an eye of his own.
 DR DAY plucks an eye from DR NIGHT, replacing it with an eye of his own.

DR DAY.—We have each lost an eye.
 DR NIGHT.—"*Hi hi*"—as Makepeace Thackeray would say.
 DR DAY.—I can only see with *your* eye!
 DR NIGHT.—I can only see with *yours*!
 DRS DAY AND NIGHT (*ensemble*).—But lately we had four eyes. Now we have but one a piece; neither can see but with t'other's!
 [They comatise.]

DR DAY (*reviving*).—Let's read—
 DR NIGHT (*revived*).—*Noctuary*?
 DR DAY (*gasping*).—The—the—the *Diary*.
 DR NIGHT (*wildly*).—No—*Noctuary*.

They read—each with the other's eye. DR DAY's wrong eye drops out.

DR DAY.—O my eye! Lend me the socket!
 DR NIGHT's wrong eye drops out.
 DR NIGHT.—O my eye! Lend me the socket!
 DRS DAY AND NIGHT (*ensemble*).—As Burnand would say:—
 We have no socket
 In our pocket.

DR DAY.—A matchless—
 DR NIGHT.—old fellow!



WRAITH OF SIR FLAMBOROUGH HEAD.—Read and ponder. I live but to ponder. I am in mid-Ocean, and live but—



WRAITH OF BENWELL WELLBEN.—to ponder!
SIR FLAMBOROUGH HEAD.—If Arthur were but here!



Egall.

WRAITH OF SULLIVAN, M.D. (wildly).—Where's Frank Burnand?
—Rest upon that lower E. Dive no deeper. Thy line is at its tether. Oh! my prophetic soul, mine uncle!

DR DAY.—His soul then is His Uncle?
DR NIGHT (sepulchral).—His sole Uncle!
DR DAY.—Whence these wraiths?
DR NIGHT.—Each has his Noctuary—
DR DAY.—Noctuary?
DR NIGHT.—Noctuary!
DRS DAY AND NIGHT (ensemble).—Read!

DR GHOST'S NOCTUARY.

(To be continued in our New Year's issue.)

Episodt.

Enter MAN WITH UMBRELLA.



MAN WITH UMBRELLA.—Ho! W. H. Holmes is not here; though he was at Leeds, carousing with Dr Spark and Mr and Mrs Allen. I looked for his umbrella specially. Tut! no umbrella! Not even a scarf—not a breast-pin! No business at Lark and Glimmer! Ho! where are Head's spectacles? I will take Head's spectacles. (Takes SIR FLAMBOROUGH's spectacles, and puts old umbrella in their place.)—I shall go to Schopenhauer and Cynic. Sutherland Edwards and Hueffer carry good umbrellas. Ho! I'm off. It's not too late. Happy thought! (Singing):—

There was an old author, Burnand,
Who in "Fun" showed a moderate hand;
And so the "Punch" crew,
Wanting blood that was new,
And not over rich, took Burnand.

[Exit man with umbrella.

Re-enter SIR FLAMBOROUGH HEAD.

SIR FLAMBOROUGH HEAD.—And my spectacles? I forgot my spectacles. I say, old boy, here's an umbrella (shakes ride the umbrella). No!—spectacles are gone! (Throws down umbrella in disdain). How ever could I have thought my spectacles were in that umbrella? If only Arthur were here!

WRAITH OF ARTHUR (subterraneously).—Well said, old mole!

[Exit Sir Flamborough precipitately.

Enter OCULIST.

OCULIST.—Waiter!

IRISH WAITER.—Sort?

OCULIST.—I hear Sir Flamborough has lost his spectacles.

IRISH WAITER.—Sort?

OCULIST.—He must want an oculist?

IRISH WAITER.—Sort—he has gone to an optician—a friend, bedad! of Sir Caper O'Corby's, sort.

OCULIST.—Demnition! I forgot!

[Exit Oculist.

IRISH WAITER.—Be the nails of my toes!—he tuk no dthrink!

Schluss folgt.

[Vanishes.

To Dr Francis Hueffer.

TIETJENS.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—The subjoined appeared in the Plymouth Western News of October 8th:—

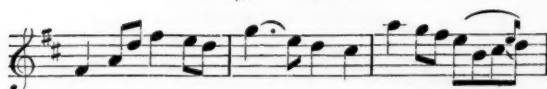
"Mdlle Tietjens was always so obliging to the public, and had such a bright and merry way with her, that it is difficult to imagine that there was room in her heart for jealousy. But the winsome Sinico found out that there was, and this episode was a little blot on the great cantatrice's career."

What does this mean? I peremptorily call upon Sig. Campobello for an explanation. Yours obediently, YAXTON LAST.

Tevesbury, October 16,

JOSEPH OF LEEDS.

(To the *Editor of the "Musical World."*)



SIR,—Who wrote that article on *Joseph* in the *Monthly Medical*—no, *Musical*—*Record*, of the 1st October? He had better have remained at Sonderhausen, to listen to the orchestra of Erdmannsdorfer—for at the best he is an Erdapfel (Earthpuff). Was it Mr Smithers Goldfinch? Yours obediently.

A HATFELLOW COMMONER.


[We know *not*—nor care *jot*. How confoundedly German we are all getting!—*H. H.*]

A PLEA FOR MR AUSTIN.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")



SIR,—In a speech delivered before the Committee of the Leeds Festival (at Leeds), Mr Frederick Spark (of Leeds), the active Hon. Secretary, thus pleaded for Mr Austin :—

 "A discussion followed, during which Mr Spark defended the action of the committee in the selection of Mr Austin's *Fire King*, remarking that congratulations had been numerous as to its choice. He said its performance pleased the audience very much; and though it had been adversely criticised in some of the papers, it might, to some extent, be explained by the fact that everything was so good that the newspapers wanted some one to crucify, and so selected Mr Austin. They wanted something to write down, in order to give a variety to their criticism. (Laughter.) The calling of Mr Austin to the front of the orchestra was, he thought, sufficient testimony in favour of the selection of the *Fire King*. (Applause.)"

Thus did Mr Frederick Spark plead for Mr Austin. It is a piteous case—a piteous case—piteous, indeed! Yours, Mr Editor.

STEPHEN ROUND.

*The Alley, near Hallow the Hole, Applebury,
Oct. 15th.*

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

A WRITER in the *Journal de Musique* relates the following anecdote of Mad. Frezzolini: Some time in the year 1865, the lady was announced to appear at Geneva. She was set down for the first act in *La Sonnambula*, followed by an air from *Lucia di Lammermoor*. She began *La Sonnambula*, but had not got through three bars before she stopped. Everyone looked at everyone else with an air of dismay and astonishment. No one had ever heard such a fearfully discordant noise. It was impossible to understand what it meant. At length the conductor suddenly exclaimed: "Ah! I see it all! You are singing *La Sonnambula*, and we are playing *Lucia*!" Picture! The music-books were changed, and, after a moment or two of painful emotion, Mad. Frezzolini resumed. But there was a confounded double-bass who would persist in playing the accompaniment of *Lucia*. This gave rise to a sharp dialogue between the said double-bass and the conductor, the result being that the former put on his hat and left in great indignation, taking his instrument with him. For that evening Mad. Frezzolini gave up all further notion of singing.

PROVINCIAL.

BELFAST.—The Choral Association gave its first concert for the season in the Ulster Hall, on Friday evening, October 12th. The vocalists were Mdme Campobello-Sinico, Mdles Emma Howson and Elena Franchi, Messrs Campobello, Hilton, and Shakespeare, and M. Niedzielski (violinist), who were heartily welcomed and applauded after each of their performances. Mr Shakespeare made his first appearance in Belfast on the occasion, and achieved a marked success. The *Belfast News-Letter*, writing about the concert says:—"Mr Shakespeare—who sang the recit. and aria, "Deeper and deeper still," and "Waft her angels to the skies" (*Jephthah*)—came heralded as a former distinguished pupil of the Royal Academy of Music, London, and the sanguine anticipations formed regarding his attainments were not disappointed. Twice was he re-called, and each time bowed his acknowledgments. He achieved a character for himself which will ensure him an enthusiastic reception when he again visits Belfast." Mendelssohn's setting of the psalm, "Why rage fiercely the heathen? (*minus* the "Gloria,"), the *pièce de résistance*, was very creditably sung. The concert ended with the National Anthem. Signor Romano accompanied the vocal, and Mr Newport conducted the choral music.

ARMAGH.—A concert in aid of the sick and wounded in the Eastern War was given in the Tontine Rooms, on the 12th inst., under the patronage of his Grace the Lord Primate, the Earl and Countess of Charlemont, and Captain Beresford, M.P.

LIVERPOOL.—The Rose Hersee Opera Company opened a very successful series of performances at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, on the 8th inst., with *Mariana*, and brought it to a triumphant close on the 13th inst. with *Les Huguenots*. The *Liverpool Mercury* says it is a marvel how Mr F. Emery, the manager of the Prince of Wales', could, while adhering to his regular prices of admission, place the operas so effectively on the stage. Proceeding to details, our contemporary remarks, among other things :—"Mme Rose Hersee's performance of the *Gitana* has long been recognized as of the first order, and the brilliancy of her vocalization last evening again elicited frequent marks of genuine approval. Added to this, there were the former charm and *abandon* in her acting which so largely contribute to the marked excellence of the part. Miss Florence St John deservedly secured success by her singing in the character of *Lazarillo*, 'Alas! those chimes,' provoking the almost invariable encore. Don Caesar was represented by Mr W. Parkinson, who is always welcome. Mr Lithgow James is a valuable member of the company. Mr R. Temple proved himself a genuine artist as the King. The band, under the *bâton* of Mr J. Pew, was not only strong but highly efficient, and, if the voices in the choruses wanted a little freshness, there was no mistaking acquaintance with their work." Nor were the fair Directress and her company less successful in the more ambitious work by Meyerbeer. We curtail the annexed account from *The Daily Courier* of the 13th inst. :—

"Madame Rose Hersee's impersonation of Valentina proved musically as well as histrionically a very effective rendering, her pure, fresh voice, which seems to be gaining in fulness, giving out Meyerbeer's magnificent music with all possible refinement and good taste. Madame Cave-Ashton was equally successful as Margarita di Valois. Mr. Richard Temple's Marcel was a study. The Raoul of Mr. Bernard Lane also deserves high commendation. Miss St. John secured an encore for the Page's song in the second act, whilst Mr. Lithgow James as Count di Nevers, and Mr. Montelli as Count di St. Bris, rendered most efficient aid. The house was crowded. This evening *The Bohemian Girl* will be presented, closing a very short but most praiseworthy series of operatic performances."

TRURO.—A most agreeable concert took place in the Concert Hall on Friday evening, October 5th. The artists were the sisters Robertson (pupils of Mr Randegger), Miss Fonblanque, Messrs Wadmore and Guy (vocalists), Mr Albert (violinellist), and Mr J. Hele (organist). The *West Briton Advertiser* says Miss Robertson was exceedingly well received, and no one who had heard her on her last visit to Truro could help observing the great improvement which had taken place, not only in her voice, but in her grace of deportment and artistic finish. The advance made by Miss F. Robertson is still more evident, because there was here more work for the skilled trainer. Miss F. Robertson has a beautiful voice, and she can now use it with admirable skill. Miss Ellen de Fonblanque, who accompanied the party, sang for the first time before a Truro audience, and displayed a rich voice and delicacy of execution. Mr Wadmore and Mr Henry Guy were both received with great favour, as well as Mr J. Hele, who gave an organ solo. The concert ended with a part song, "Old daddy long legs," sung by the Misses Robertson, Mr Henry Guy, and Mr Wadmore. Sig. Alberto Randegger was the conductor.

LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

At the last meeting of the General Committee, under the presidency of the Mayor, Mr Spark read the following report:—In presenting thus early a balance-sheet of the Leeds Musical Festival, held on September 19th, 20th, 21st, and 22nd, the figures must not be taken as final, for several accounts are yet in abeyance. The totals, however, may be considered as substantially correct, and have been verified by Mr Alfred Williamson, honorary auditor to the Festival Committee. Our total receipts from all sources amount to £7,847 7s. 6d., being £238 6s. 8d. more than the gross receipts for the Festival of 1874. The total expenditure reaches £7,078 0s. 10d., or £478 in excess of the expenditure for the previous Festival. There is thus an apparent balance of profit amounting to £769 6s. 8d. But this does not fully represent the balance, for we have assets consisting of 500 chairs, purchased for the Patron's Gallery, furniture, music, &c., calculated to realise, at a moderate estimate, about £110. This sum, added to the actual amount in hand, will leave a total balance of profit amounting to £879 6s. 8d. The increased receipts, it will be seen, are not sufficient to cover the increased expenditure, leaving the profit about £130 less than 1874. This increased expenditure is almost entirely due to the greater sums required for principal singers, the increased band, chorus, and other charges, all tending to an improved musical performance; and the committee have reason to be congratulated on the verdict of the press and of the public, by whom the Leeds Festival of 1877 has been emphatically pronounced to be one of the greatest and best ever heard in this or any other country. As compared with 1874 the charges under the heads indicated show an advance of £450. The following may be taken as a fairly estimated balance-sheet on present available figures:—

	Dr.	£	s.	d.
To 734 serial tickets, at £5 each		3670	0	0
To sale of single tickets		3292	5	0
To sale of music and book of words		347	11	1
To collections and donations		81	15	3
To People's Festival Concert		455	16	2
		£7847	7	6
Sale of chairs, &c. (estimated to realise)		110	0	0
		£7957	7	6
	Cr.	£	s.	d.
By principals, conductor, &c.		2200	12	6
By band		1780	7	7
By chorus		1073	14	2
By Victoria Hall—rent, gallery, gas, chairs, alterations, &c.		448	15	6
By advertising, printing, posting, and stationery ..		904	0	8
By books of words, and commission on sale ...		230	4	3
By use of copyrights (including <i>Joseph</i>)		113	1	3
By office rent, clerks, furniture, and commission on tickets, parcels, &c.		278	14	1
By People's Festival Concert expenses		48	10	10
		£7078	0	10
Balance		879	6	8
		£7957	7	6

This result, which, in view of long-depressed trade, must be considered as satisfactory, has not been achieved without a considerable amount of honorary labour on the part of the committee. By the executive, no fewer than 51 meetings have been attended since the close of last year, apart from numerous sub-committee meetings. The General Committee have been called together 14 times, to review the business of the executive, and to confirm or modify their decisions. The executive desire to acknowledge the warm interest and the close attention shown by the Festival Chorus and the chorus-master in the work they undertook to do. No fewer than 34 rehearsals have been held, and it is but just to recognise not only the gratuitous services of many excellent amateurs, but the really hard work of the "professional" chorus-singers, whose payment, in many instances, could only be sufficient to cover their personal expenses. To the Leeds Town Council thanks are due for the readiness with which that body adopted the recommendations of the Festival Committee permanently to enlarge and improve the orchestra, to erect a substantial and handsome gallery (admirably designed by Mr Morant), and for generally facilitating the Festival business. The committee desire also to acknowledge the excellence of the police arrangements at the Festival—which were well planned by Chief Constable Henderson, and admirably carried out by Superintendent Ward—and the services of Mr Berry, Town Hall secretary. It now only remains for the committee to decide what shall be done

with the surplus funds when they are fully realised, and to appoint a provisional committee in whose hands the Festival books may be lodged, and to whom should be entrusted the duty of selecting new works for performance at the Leeds Festival in 1880.

In explanation of the increased expenditure, Mr Spark stated that the principals had been paid £157 more than in 1874, the band had cost £123 4s. 7d. more, the chorus £71 17s. 2d., and the copyright £98 17s. 4d., the committee having paid 100 guineas to Dr Macfarren for the privilege of producing his oratorio. The increased cost of the chorus was mainly due to the increased number of rehearsals, and the band included ten more strings than in 1874, besides which there were band rehearsals held in London, the expenses of the local players being met by the committee.

It was agreed to hand over to the charities the sum of £800, in the following proportions:—£400 to the Infirmary, £200 to the Dispensary, £100 to the Hospital for Women and Children, and £100 to the House of Recovery. Mr T. Marshall next moved the appointment of a provisional committee to promote the interests of the next Festival in 1880.

A discussion followed, during which Mr Spark defended the action of the committee in the selection of Mr Austin's *Fire King*. The Provisional Committee was then appointed, and, after votes of thanks to the Mayor, as chairman of the General Committee, to Mr F. Marshall, as chairman of the Executive Committee; and to the Hon. Secretaries, Messrs J. W. Atkinson and F. R. Spark, had been proposed, carried, and acknowledged, the meeting terminated. Commenting upon the Festival, the *Leeds Express* of the 12th has the following remarks:—

"The great musical success of the Leeds Festival held last month is equalled by the financial success which attended it. From the statement made at the committee meeting yesterday, we learn that the total receipts reached the large sum of £7,847, being £238 more than the receipts at the Festival in 1874. When the state of trade during the two periods is considered, the result, as the committee admit, 'must be regarded as satisfactory.' It is more than satisfactory. In 1874, trade was in a highly prosperous condition; whilst in 1877 trade is in an exceedingly depressed state. Luxuries of all kinds have been abandoned by thousands of persons who in 1874 freely indulged in them. In that year, large numbers of persons finding themselves 'flush' of money, gratified their love of display, of pleasure, or it may be of music, by attending the Festival. Many whose artistic tastes were never before exhibited, and whose mode of living was generally of a humble kind, spent their guineas in 'swelling it' at the Festival. This year, with the knowledge of long-continued bad trade, the committee felt that one source of patronage was completely cut off; and that the best course to pursue was to appeal to the real musical taste of the whole country by providing a Festival of the greatest excellence attainable. Expenditure, therefore, had to be increased; the fault of Festival Committees elsewhere in stinting rehearsals was to be avoided; everything, in fact, that would tend to a perfect performance of the various works to be produced was done. Hence we find that the £450 increased expenditure, as compared with 1874, has been applied solely to improvement in the musical department. The principal singers cost £157 more than at the last Festival. The band was increased from 96 to 106 performers; and this increase, together with the cost of extra rehearsals, required £123 more than in 1874. Then the chorus rehearsals were very numerous; and frequently all the singers from Bradford, Barnsley, Huddersfield, and other towns had to visit Leeds. All these things taken into consideration, we are bound to admit that the profit of nearly £900 on the Festival is a great and unexpected success. From the figures we published representing the attendance during the Festival, it was seen that the numbers were in excess of 1874; but, as was explained at the time, this increased attendance did not represent a corresponding increase in the receipts, for advantage was taken of the lower priced seats, and it was shown that no fewer than 1,000 persons purchased second-class tickets, who, in 1874, occupied the first-class seats. Although everybody must wish that this year there had been no reduction on the £1,000 profit which was divided among the charities in 1874, still, if we look to the future, it must be conceded that a stock-in-trade in the shape of reputation has been stored up for the future Leeds Festivals which cannot fail ultimately to produce excellent financial results, by which the medical charities of the town will receive substantial benefit."

A MILAN theatrical paper, speaking of the autumn season at Her Majesty's, says that important concessions will be made for the comfort of visitors. "*Gentlemen*" (it adds) "will be admitted without frock coat, and ladies will be allowed to wear hats in reserved corners."

MUSIC IN MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

You have been receiving such enthusiastic accounts of the Leeds Festival that I may be pardoned for wondering whether you would be unwilling to give ear to a report of humbler doings in the musical capital of Lancashire. Thus, with a modesty, I trust you will appreciate, I have allowed nearly a month of our musical season to run on without venturing to record its incidents. In a few lines, then, let me give you a summary of the past week.

The Gentleman's Concerts—a venerable society which possesses a handsome concert hall, and only issues tickets to subscribers—began, may I say, its season three weeks ago. The band, under Mr Hallé's direction, played Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, Mr Hallé gave two movements of a Mozart concerto and a Chopin selection, and Miss Robertson was the singer.

For a fortnight large audiences were attracted to the Queen's Theatre by the Rose Hersee Opera Company. Mme Hersee, Mme Cave-Ashton, Miss St John, Mr Parkinson, Mr Bernard Lane, Mr Temple, Mr James, and other members of the "troop" did good service. *The Bohemian Girl*, *The Lily of Killarney*, and *Maritana* are always attractive here. Benedict's *The Brides of Venice* was also revived, and two really excellent performances of *The Marriage of Figaro* were given. More ambitious, and less judicious, was the production of *The Huguenots* in English, but Mme Rose Hersee's Valentine was a pleasant surprise. Mme Cave-Ashton sang the Queen's songs more than respectfully, and Mr Temple was an effective Marcel. The orchestra was not strong, and a small harmonium is not a satisfactory substitute for missing instruments; nor was the Monks' chorus very terrible. But you, I am sure, would resent anything like censorious criticism of the efforts of a company which supplied, on the whole, satisfactory entertainments at marvellously low prices.

The Manchester Vocal Society began its season last week, and the programme of the first concert included Gounod's very interesting *Messe du Sacré Cœur de Jesus*. The Mass is choral throughout; but Mme Patey added to the pleasures of the evening by singing several of her most popular songs.

The first of Mr Pyatt-Patti-Reeves-Santley Concerts attracted a very large audience at the Free Trade Hall last Friday; but, unfortunately, Mr Sims Reeves had an intense cold and could not sing. The concert was not of much musical importance, but Mme Adelina Patti's magnificent voice and incomparable singing excited the usual enthusiasm. Mr Santley, who also was in splendid voice, was an admirable representative of English art. Herr Strakosch accompanied Mme Patti, and Mr Sidney Naylor the other singers.

On Saturday Mr De Jong gave the first of his annual series of ten fortnightly concerts. The band played, among other pieces, Mendelssohn's *Ruy Blas* overture and a grand selection from *The Huguenots*. Mme Edith Wynne, Mme Antoinette Sterling, Mr Lloyd, and Mr Sims Reeves were the singers, all of whom delighted the large audience, while Mr De Jong himself was not less successful in his flute solo.

Manchester, Oct. 17.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

The exigencies of professional life often force young artists from the art-homes of London and other musical centres to districts where their beloved muse, stricken dumb by the loud clang of trade and commerce, is unheard and unknown. All can sympathise with home-sickness, for, like love or the measles, it is universal; few, however, can understand and realise the miseries of the young musician, hungering after both mental nourishment and delight. Though lesson-giving proves lucrative and brings unwonted money circulation, though big breeches pockets bulge out with patronage towards him, still he feels that husks the swine eat are his only meat and daily portion. He writes as if some supernatural angler of men, hooking him by a mean bait and snatching him from his beloved element, had landed him to gasp away his forlorn existence. Newcastle, prosperous though it be, can scarcely be called a land flowing with musical wine and honey. Is it not rather a dreary waste? Rich in minerals, but poor in art; it would be violating the principles of economic science to carry coals there; but it is surely an act of benevolence to carry music. Mr W. Rea of late years has undertaken this mission. Not satisfied with the influence of his own admirable

executive powers, he has brought annually to his evangelising aid a London orchestra of the first class. To a superficial observer—and, musically, an English public is little else—orchestras are deemed mere superfluities, only to be used for programme padding. Our "Superficial" is unconscious of the fact that now-a-days the very breath of musical life is to be found therein. Undismayed by continued pecuniary losses, Mr W. Rea this year gives again a series of festival concerts, commencing on the 5th of November, extending over a week, instead of a month, as heretofore; for which he has engaged, partly through the agency of Mr N. Vert, an excellent vocal staff, consisting of Mmes Wynne and Patey, Misses Williams and Dalton, Messrs Lloyd, Bernard Lane, Lewis Thomas, and Foli. He claims, however, more novel merit in the qualities of his orchestra—an engine indispensable for the advancement of high art in a region weak in instrumental resources. The series opens with *The Messiah*, and the programme includes the *Stabat Mater*, *Elijah*, H. Smart's *Bride of Dunkerron*, a new cantata *Hezekiah* (written for the occasion by Dr Armes, of Durham Cathedral), a symphony, and pianoforte concertos by the great masters. A scheme of such variety and excellence deserves the patronage and support of a public Mr W. Rea has long and faithfully served. P. G.

LA MARJOLAINE AT THE ROYALTY THEATRE.

The Royalty Theatre opened under new management on the 11th instant, and "inaugurated" its season with the new opera-bouffe of Lecocq, *La Marjolaine*. During the recess the interior has been entirely re-decorated, and now presents a charmingly fresh and warm aspect. The Theatre is in reality an elegant *bonbonnière*. To those unacquainted with the libretto of Vanloo and Leterrier it may be mentioned that the scene opens with a view of the square opposite the Hotel de Ville of Brussels, where a great crowd is assembled to witness the periodical solemnity of presenting with a medal, as a prize for virtue, the young woman deemed irreproachable by the verdict of a unanimous jury? The prize is awarded to "La Marjolaine," a young and pretty girl, not long since married to an elderly Baron, Annibal (not the Carthaginian general), leader of a society of gay bachelors, the terror of husbands, who, meeting with the Baron, bets all his fortune that no woman exists whose virtue is beyond proof. Baron accepts challenge, and gives an entertainment to celebrate the event, to which endless Bachelors are invited. During their stay, Annibal (not the Carthaginian), in order to win the wager, attempts, but in vain, to compromise the young wife's virtue. At length, having bribed the Baron's steward, he succeeds in getting into Marjolaine's bed-room, concealed in a large trunk.* During the night, he witnesses the arrival of Frickel, a former lover† and foster-brother of "La Marjolaine," who, having been admitted a member of the Bachelors' Society, is cognizant of the bet, comes to warn and protect her. Annibal (not of Carthage) surprises the couple, secures Frickel (not Jarrett's), and calls in the guests. Thus "La Marjolaine" is exposed, and the wager won. The Baron, reduced to poverty, retires, leaving Annibal (a Frank) in possession of all his (the Baron's) property. On learning that the Baron has obtained a divorce from his wife, Annibal (a Kurd) endeavours to secure "La Marjolaine" for himself, but she, being free, gives her hand to Frickel ("No preparation"), declaring she has now obtained the true prize for virtue. In the English version, by Mr Sutherland Edwards, the plot is closely followed. There is little need, in fact, for change, the moral being pointed clearly enough. Mr Edwards has bestowed great pains on his book, and the words are admirably adapted to the music. Of the latter, it is long since such elegant and unaffected writing has been heard. Number after number contains features of great beauty, and all are distinguished in character.‡ Some of the melodies have already a widespread reputation, and there is not a dull measure in the whole opera.§ The cast includes Miss Kate Santley as "La Marjolaine," Miss Rose Cullen as Aveline, Mr Walter Fisher as Frickel, Mr Mervin as Annibal, and Mr Lionel Brough as the Baron.|| The minor characters are well filled; the chorus, although small, is efficient; and the piece is well mounted. *La Marjolaine* is a welcome addition to the *répertoire* of good opera-bouffe, and has our hearty wishes for a long run.

Perigord the Perilous.

* Or, like Rastignac, in the *Peau de Chagrin* of feu Honoré. De Balzac, under Fedora's bed-post.

† Not Jarrett's Frickel, the Russian—"No preparation."

‡ Selon.—D. B.

§ Measure for Measure.—D. B.

|| Lytton's Bulwer's "Last"?

F. W. HAYDON ACROSS ART.

Mr F. W. Haydon, of Southsea, writes to the *Times*, under date October 4th, enclosing a copy of a letter from Sir Stafford Northcote, M.P., which he has received in answer to one addressed to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, with reference to his speech on Art education at Exeter on the 21st ult. Mr Haydon, in his letter to Sir Stafford Northcote, remarked:—

"I have read with interest your remarks at Exeter with reference to the changes that have taken place in England, particularly as regards public instruction in art, since 1841. I see with regret that while you appear to give all the credit of our present Art Schools to the late Mr William Ewart and to others who have come after him, you pass over in silence the public services in respect of our Art Schools of a prominent man in British Art, and a Devonshire man to boot—viz., the late Mr Haydon, painter, who, for fully one quarter of a century before Mr Ewart took up the subject in Parliament of Art instruction, had been incessantly at work to get the various administrations to give support to Art schools for the benefit and instruction of the people of England."

In answer to this he received the following letter:—

"Sir—I regret that you should have considered my remarks at Exeter in any way slighting towards the late Mr Haydon, of whose merits and services to the cause of art I have always thought highly. I was not attempting to review the history of Art education, or to apportion praise to those who have laboured to promote it. I was only sketching very rapidly and roughly some of the features of the English educational system in 1841, and at the present time; and I referred to Mr Ewart's committee as showing the stages which have been reached at the former period. It did not fall within the range of my observations to discuss the merits of those to whom our progress since 1841, is due, nor the influence which the labour of those who had been in the field before them had upon their work. No complete account of these matters could be given without reference to the honourable exertions of Mr Haydon. I remain, faithfully yours, Stafford H. Northcote."

[When are they going to say a word or two about music? Surely an oratorio like *Joseph* is as much a work of genius and acquirement as any picture by any living painter. It is easier to paint a Huguenot soldier than to write an oratorio!—D. B.]

A TALE OF THE DAYS OF OLD.

The dark hours sped through the winter's night,
Like ghosts that glide to the mystic fold,
As the blue-eyed boy heard with fear and delight
A tale of the days of old.

The ancient fire-place seemed to stare
Like a witness to what the grandsire told,
To the face half hid in the shaggy fair hair,
Of the tale of the days of old.

The lingering logs shed a dying glow
In the gloom; the young listener, not over bold,
Was awed and pale as he drank in the flow
Of the tale of the days of old.

All night he gloated and pondered in bed:
'Twas a morning stroke the cracked bell tolled
Ere he slept, and dreamt over what had been said
Of the tale of the days of old. Polkatw.

MANHEIM.—Herr Hermann Götz's posthumous opera, *Francesca da Rimini*, has been produced here, and, despite a cast in many respects inefficient, achieved a marked success. The first act hung fire somewhat, but the grand love-duet of the second act excited great enthusiasm. The third is dramatically rather uninteresting; the music, however, contains beauties of a high order. Mlle Otiker proved an admirable Francesca. Herr Frank, who, with Herr Johann Brahms, completed the score for the stage, and was erroneously stated to have since died, conducted with great ability.

VIENNA.—Critics are greatly divided in opinion as to Herr Ignaz Brüll's new work, *Der Landfriede*, recently produced at the Royal Operahouse. Some pronounce it an extraordinary success, while others declare it to be a complete failure. Meanwhile, one fact cannot be denied: the opera went extremely well the first night, the composer and the representatives of the principal characters being enthusiastically and repeatedly called on after each act. But modern experience has taught us that first night manifestations cannot be invariably received as proofs of artistic merit.

VERSIFICATION.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR.—Can you recommend me some book upon versification?
Yours obediently. Polkatw.

Read the English poets (especially Milton, Pope, and Crabbe); try to scan the *Odes* of Horace; and consult your own ear. Rhythmic music is a good help. D. B.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—I think that the subjoined list of characters sustained by the late Mlle Tietjens in London may be interesting to your readers. I remain, yours obediently, W. S. J.

Valentina Les Huguenots ...	April 13, 1858
Leonora Il Trovatore ...	May 4, "
Donna Anna Don Giovanni ...	May 11, "
La Contessa Le Nozze di Figaro ...	May 29, "
Lucrezia Borgia Lucrezia Borgia ...	June 17, "
Norma Norma ...	July 7, 1859
Hélène Les Vêpres Siciliennes ...	July 27, "
Martha Marta ...	Nov. 11, "
Semiramide Semiramide ...	May 17, 1860
Lucia di Lammermoor Lucia di Lammermoor ...	June 19, "
Rezia Oberon ...	June 30, "
Amelia Un Ballo ...	June 15, 1861
Alice Roberto ...	June 14, 1862
Norma Don Pasquale ...	Nov. 8, "
Selvaggia Selvaggia ...	May 7, 1863
Margharita Faust ...	June 11, "
Elvira I Puritani ...	April 14, "
Mrs Ford Le Spose Allegre ...	May 4, 1864
Leonora Fidelio ...	June 23, "
Mirella Mirella ...	July 5, "
Medea Medea ...	June 6, 1865
Elvira (Act II. only) Ernani ...	Aug. 5, "
Agatha Der Freischütz ...	Oct. 28, "
Iphigenia Iphigenia in Tauride ...	May 8, 1866
Constanza Il Seraglio ...	June 30, "
Donna Leonora La Forza del Destino ...	June 22, 1867
Pamina Il Flauto Magico ...	July 23, "
Giselda I Lombardi
Gertrude Hamlet ...	May 19, 1870
Anna Bolena Anna Bolena ...	Aug. 1, 1871
Costanza Le Due Giornate ...	June 20, 1872
Leonora La Favorita ...	May 1, 1873
Ortrud Lohengrin ...	June 12, 1875

WAIFS.

Signor Schira has returned from Milan, having made all arrangements with a celebrated Italian man of letters for the libretto of his projected new opera, which will be, in these desolate times, a god-send to the "sunny," but now not over-fertile (*in re dramatica*) music, peninsula. Heaven speed the worthy *maestro*, whose characteristic and spirited *Lord of Burleigh* we should all like to hear again.

Sign. Braga has returned to Paris.

M. Offenbach has been suffering from gout.

Flotow is engaged upon an opera entitled *Aurelia*.

Sign. Bazzini (Florence) is engaged on a new Quartet.

Mad. Adelina Patti is expected in Milan on the 27th inst.

Miss Emma Barnett, the admirable young pianist, has gone to Italy on a visit.

M. Kowalski's opera, *Gilles de Bretagne*, is in rehearsal at the Théâtre-Lyrique.

Mlle Albani is engaged to sing at Leeds on the 19th of December—in *The Messiah*.

A Wagner Association, with Herr Buth, a pianist, at its head, is to be founded in Breslau.

The Grand Duke of Baden, has conferred the cross of the Zähringer Lion on Don Pablo Sarasate, the violinist.

M. Charles Garnier, architect of the Grand Opera, Paris, has been appointed Inspector-General of Public Buildings.

Sign. de Giosa has composed a four-act semi-serious opera, entitled *Rabagas*, and founded upon Victorien Sardou's comedy.

Unpublished masses by Palestrina, and autograph manuscripts of J. S. Bach's, have been discovered in a convent at Gratz.

The first anniversary of the transportation of Bellini's remains to Catania was celebrated by a solemn mass in the Cathedral.

After all that has been said to the contrary, M. Gounod's *Polyeucte* may be produced at the Grand Opera during the Exhibition.

During the Patti Performances at the Scala, Milan, the price of an orchestra stall will be fifty francs, and of a pit seat, thirty.

By a decree of King Victor Emanuel, Sig. Verdi is appointed a member of the Italian Commission at the Paris Universal Exhibition.

Herr Hans von Bülow officiated, for the first time, as conductor at the Theatre Royal, Hanover, on the 4th inst. The opera was *Fidelio*.

The revival of *Les Diamants de la Couronne* at the Paris Opéra-Comique is not very creditable to any of the artists concerned in it, except M. Danbé and his orchestra.

Thanks to the great amelioration in his health, M. H. Vieuxtemps has resumed his duties as "finishing professor" ("*professeur de perfectionnement*"), in the Brussels Conservatory.

M. Gevaert is engaged in transforming into a grand opera his *Quentin Durward*, first produced at the Paris Opéra-Comique, with MM. Faure and Coudere in the principal parts.

Mad. Pauline Lucca is to receive two thousand four hundred pounds for her twelve night's engagement in Madrid, and eight hundred and forty pounds for her six performances at Nice.

Herr Joachim Raff has left Wiesbaden, where he has been domiciled since May, 1856, and taken up his residence in Frankfurt, to fulfil his duties as director of Hoch's Conservatory of Music.

M. Anton Rubinstein's opera of *Nero* will be produced almost simultaneously in Paris and St Petersburg. There are four different versions of the libretto; one in French, one in Italian, one in German, and one in Russian.

Don Felipe Ducazal, manager of the Teatro Español and the Teatro de las Novedades, Madrid, is having a theatre built on the Trocadero, Paris. He intends giving performances of *Zarzuelas* and Spanish national dancing during the Universal Exhibition.

Mad. Knopp-Fehringer, formerly Mdle Withun, a native of Berlin, who created a sensation as a concert singer, when only 14 years of age, has just died at Weimar. She sang the part of Agathe at the Royal Berlin Operahouse, on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the production of *Der Freischütz*.

The first general rehearsal of *L'Africaine* took place at the Grand Opera, Paris, on the 9th inst., under the direction of M. Ch. Lamoureux, who entered upon his duties as conductor, for the first time. In order to devote himself entirely to his new post, M. Lamoureux has resigned his place as second conductor of the Société des Concerts du Conservatoire.

The new organ erected in Guarford Church was opened on Tuesday, Oct. 8th, by Mr W. Higley. The instrument was built by Mr Nicholson, of Worcester. The sermon was preached by the Lord Bishop of the diocese; the service being by Jackson, and the anthem ("*Rejoice in the Lord*") by Dr Elvey. The offertory amounted to £20 11s. 1½d.—*Malvern News*.

He had been to a revival meeting, he said. At all events, coming home at half past twelve, fumbling up stairs in the dark, and going head first over a scuttle of coats the girl had left on the landing, he sang, "Let the Lower Lights be burning," with a fervency that Sankey might have emulated.

BRUNSWICK.—A period of twenty-five years had elapsed on the 30th ult. since Herr Franz Abt, the celebrated song-composer, first wielded the conductor's stick, as director of the Choral Association for Male Voices. He did not, however, enter on his duties as *Capellmeister* at the theatre till the 1st January, 1853. For this reason his official "jubilee" will not come off till next January. But a preparatory and informal jubilee took place on the 29th and 30th ult. in the Egidien-Kirche. The proceedings commenced with a concert, the programme of which included various choral pieces for Male Vocal Associations, a speech by Herr Schwerin, the stage-manager at the Theatre, and a number of the jubilarian's songs. The vocalists were Mdle Brandt and Herr Fricker, from the Royal Operahouse, Berlin; Mdle Schreiber and Herr Himmer. Mdle Brandt had to appear the next day in *Lohengrin* at Berlin. In consequence of her being encoined in Abt's "*Liebesbotschaft*," she had barely time to catch her train, and was obliged to start just as she sang the song, in concert costume, with flowers in her hair, and so forth. On the 30th there was a grand performance of Beethoven's Choral Symphony and other less important works, the leading artists being Mdme Koch-Bossenger, from Hanover; Herren Schröter and Nöldechen, of the Ducal Theatre; and Señor Sarasate. Innumerable congratulatory messages and valuable presents were forwarded to the jubilarian from far and wide.

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